## FOR LOVE OF A LANCASHIRE LASS.

OR, THE QUEEN OF THE FACTORY.

## BY J. MONE FOSTER.

ACTROR OF "A PIT BROWN LASSIE," "THE BLACK MOSS MYSTERY," "A MINER'S MILLION," ETC.

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CHAPTER XVIII .- ANOTHER COMPACT. In an upper apartment of the snug litsie hostelry, at the bottom of Millgatethe same room in which mine host had hown the factory lass her mother's oftrait Dan Ashton and Walter Mayes sere seated, one afternoon about a well after the commencement of the petery strike at Warringham .

It was very miserable outside; the long fost had at last broken; a keen thaw tal set in: the snow was quickly disapearing from the roofs, fields, streets, which it had lain so long, and the aughfares of the town were inches deep in an loy, sloppy mass of melted sow and mud, which penetrated the toutest shoes and chilled the most vig-

The short mid-winter day was closing the blinds were drawn, the gas was ed, the door closed, a cheerful fire ed in the high old-fashioned grate, and Dan and Mayhew were seated, one each side the hearth, their legs tched out to catch the pleasant fire-

small table was drawn up to the age of the hearthrug, midway between the two, and within easy reach, and stood a couple of streaming giasses of hot punch.

'And now, Mayhew,'' Dan began as e sampled his brew, "what's this busiimportant business, I think you wrote-you wish to see me about?"

important-very important!" warhew answered slowly, thoughtfully, and with considerable emphasis on the at two words, as he stirred his liquid and swallowed a hot mouthful, "I supor, Ashton," he added, "that we can alk here without any fear of being over-

mine host responded with a keen look at the other. "Nancy is so below minding the bar, Nellie is

Out with that fellow, Eliot, I daresv. " the younger man interrupted, bit-

"Can't say, but I daresay she is, les, we can talk here without anyone earing what we have to say, ?? said his voice falling a little, and his houghts wandering back to that evening many years ago when he had put a simiestion to Mr. Richard Harwood. What I have to speak about, Ash-

Maybew began slowly, and with his small ferret-like eyes fixed steadily on s landlord's face, 'concerns yourself, Wellie Pemberton, and Richard Har-

'The devil it does?' Ashton cried . thinking of the one solitary subject in which the trio named by Mayhew were 'Yes-you know what I mean. There

"But one matter which effects you all?" 'But-but I don't know!" Dan re-Dan replied with a sudden heart sinking. 'I can't imagine what you are driving at. will have to speak plainer, May-Dan took up his beverage hurriedly,

and gulped a portion of it down, in a min endeavor to hide his confusion. Maybew noted the effort and a smile litted across his freckled visage Well, I'll speak plainer then. You

have not forgotten the arrangement you came to with Harwood so long ago? He pars you still to keep your mouth closed. the child, of course, is Nellie Pemberton. is that plain enough, Dan?"

to he jumped to his feet. "How did you get to know this? Who told you?" 'You are satisfied then that I know?' he younger man asked with a laugh .

You must know-and, yet, for the life of me, I cannot see how you got to know, Harwood wouldn't tell, and no one else could too 'Except yourself, Dan. ''

"And I was no more likely to blab the ing out than Harwood," Dan mut-red. "Tell me how you got to

"It was partly accidental, partly deserret actually fell at my feet, the rest I contrived to get possession of by a little "But how? how?" Ashton asked ex-

It seemed to him a wonderful thing that the carefully guarded secret of so many years should have at last saked out, and in so unaccountable a

'it was simple enough,'' Mayhew said, with a little hard laugh. "I suplose you know this letter?" As he spoke he inserted his left hand

the inner pocket of his cont and drew efferom a soiled envelope addressed to "Mr. Richard Harwood." This be ned cover for a moment, drew out the letter it contained and read it. THE STAR, November 20 .- Dear Sir:

for were very unwise in refusing to see he when I called on Friday night, and will be unwise still if you ever again beline to admit me when I call. I don't can to let you slip through my did years ago. Your secret is worth as h now as ever, even more, for the hild, Nellie Pemberton, is a woman low, and she would be willing, I daremy, to give a good lump if I could prove at she is the beiress to all you hold. But a bargain is a bargain, and I mean o keep it if you will. But if you won't, ben you know what to expect. As sure as God's above us I'll expose you, and Nellie Pemberton everything. It will be easy to prove all, as you know will be a fine thing to see Richard | and lemon in his glass. rwood, Esq., J. P., turned out of dank house and all he owns, and have a ory wench put in his place. You know I can do this, and by G- I will if provoke me so far.

But you will have more sense, I lick, than force me to do this. You will be wise, and send me the money as Isual. Yours respectfully,

"DAN ASHTON. "Richard Harwood, Esq., J. P." 'This is not my letter-the letter lent to Harwood-but it is a copy of it!" Dan cried out in s most excited way. "Where did you get it?"

I copied it, Dan, from the original, Stayhew replied, smiling, as he took the frembling hand and replaced it in his

But how did you manage to see my "Hut how did you manage to see my the bitter struggle promised to last for some time yet.

Ashton queried, walking for some time yet.

Among the lowest class of operatives—the promise of last the paper's purpose of the paper's pu Ashton queried, walking about the room in his agitation.

went into Harwood's office to consult him about something. He was out, having just been called away on some special business, so the clerks said when I inquired after him. On the floor of Harwood's room, as I went in, I saw a letter lying. It was the one you sent I was prompted by curiosity to read it, and found it so extremely interesting that I copied it; then I put the letter on the desk where Harwood would be certain to find it. ''

. What an infernal ass Harwood was to leave such things about!" Dan burst out in ungovernable passion. Then he turned suddenly and faced Mayhew, saying: "Even now you know only a plees of the story. And what you do not know is of much greater importance than what you know!" "Your letter," answered the other,

with a confident smile, "only told me the less important part, as you say, but I know all now, I think. !! 'How?-you did not question Harwood, surely?'

"Oh, no, I only questioned you, and you told me all I desired to know. "I told you?" Ashton gasped, and his wondering face was bent upon the other's

"Yes. You remember that afternoon last week when we went to Manchester together. You got beastly drunk that night, Dan, and—well, you were in a very talkative mood as we came home. I suppose you don't recollect. All the same you told me all I wanted to learn. Harwood's brother George was married in New York, it seems: the woman found dead in that entry so many, years ago, was his widow; Nellie Pemberton, the child, is really Harwood's niece, and entitled to something more than she receives from her unknown relative as wages. "

"And I told you that?" Dau exclaimed, flinging himself into the chair with gestures of despair. "If you didn't, who did?" was the mocking, half-sneering reply.

"By heaven! Maybew, I believe now that you got me drunk on purpose that night, to wring that secret from me?' "Perhaps I did. What does it matter now, how I went about it. I know all

now, and mean to turn the knowledge to advantage-to use it to forward my own ends as you have done?"
"In what way?" Do you mean to
bleed Harwood too? He will hardly stand that; I think you see how he has

fought against pay—well keeping to his bargain with me. " "I don't mean in that way, Ashton, " "In what way, then?" Dan asked, The discovery that Mayhew was in the secret had startled mine host considerably, and he was burning to know what personal use he intended to put the information he had gained.

"I will tell you," Walter began gravely. "Neilie Pemberton is now living beneath your roof; her foster-mother is your wife. You and Mrs. Ashton must necessarily have considerable influence with the girl. That influence must be used in my favor. You understand, Ashten? 1.3

"You wish to make Nellie your wife?" "That is it. I love her and have told her so often. If Mark Ellott had never come betwen us I should have won her, l am certain. You must help me Dan, to drive Ellott out of the field. If you will promise to do this, no word of your secret and Harwood's shall ever pass my

lips. Is it to be a bargain?''
"Certainly," Dan cried, with a great to demand much more, as the price of his silence-had been prepared to give a great deal more than was demanded from him. "I suppose you know that Nellie and Ellott are engaged?'' he

added. "Yes, but we must contrive by some means to end that. "

"I will help you willingly in that," Dan said, and he meant it. "Why, Maybew, before I ever knew that Nellie and Mark meant to make a match of it, was doing all I could for you. You remember the night we had that bit of a

Maybew nodded Well, I could see then, pretty plainly, that you were sweet on the wench, and I told her so told her she might be a lady if ahe only played her cards right. ?

"And what did she say!" Mayhew demanded with evident eagerness. Well, to tell you the truth, she didn't seem to jump at the idea. fact of that young chap risking his life to save her that time did the mischlef. Lasses are so romantic, you know, Mayhew, and a thing of that sort always fetches' 'em.'

"But you must see, Dan, that a girl like Nellie ought not to throw herself away on a common workman. She ought to marry well."

"Just what I told her, but she doesn't seem to see it. And Nancy likes Mark nearly as much as the wench does. Mayhew frowned, and bit his lip tightly. It was still very unpleasant to him

to hear of his rival's success. "Well, the matter may be considered settled between us, Dan? And you pledge yourself to help me in this af-

"Of course. It is my pet scheme as well as yours, and I shall do all I can. Suppose we have another drink? Mayhew nodded, and Dan departed

with the empty glasses, returning in a few minutes with replenished tumblers. "There is one thing that may help us a lot, Dan," said the younger man thoughtfully, as he crushed the sugar

"What is that?" Ashton asked as he performed a similar operation. "Ellot is likely to find himself in trouble when this strike ends. He has said and done so much for the hands, and against the masters, that none of

them is likely to find him work when the strike is over. "In that case he'll have to leave the town. Well, let's hope so. 17
Both men drank heartfly to that wish

and the glasses were soon emptied again. Then Walter Mayhew went his way, fully satisfied with the work he had no complished that afternoon. CHAPTER XIX-AFTER THE STRIKE. The strike was now in the fourth week

of its duration, and as neither master nor work people showed any signs of giving

the greatest imaginable misery already prevailed, and there were very few families in the town, whose bread winners were cotton workers, who were not experiencing the bitter pangs of hunger. A relief fund had been started, but the donations received were weefully inadequate to meet the demands of the nungry thousands, and the utmost help that could be given, even to the most desti-

tute, was barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. All day long, fram gray wintey day-break to bleak bitter nightiall, the streets were filled with the sinkers. Gangs of men and women wall ed the slushy thoroughfares; others louiged at the corners of the principal streets, others througed the old Market square, and all talked of the situation, and wondered, or guessed how long their idleness and privations would continue.

Several gangs of operatives had organized themselves into musical (?) hands and were scouring the country east, west, north and south in search of alms to fill their own mouths and those of the patient women and hungry children they had left behind in Warringham. Every morning, after the first week of

the strike, a singular procession had paraded the leading streets. This was formed of a long file of handcarts, each one drawn by a cotton worker, and one by one every provision shop in the town was visited.

Some of the shopkeepers would give a loaf, another a few potatoes, another an egg or two, a pound of flour or meal. Everything was gladly accepted, and stored away in the carts, and when after-noon came, and the vehicles were filled with edible things, the men struck homeward and divided the spoil.

During the last few weeks the pawnshops had been doing a rearing trade. and thousands of things which had formerly adorned the persons or homes of the operatives were now stored away on the shelves of the Knights of Lombardy.

The public-houses, too, appeared to be doing well. Somehow, many of the strikers could often enough find a penny for a gill of ale when twopence for a loaf seemed an impossibility. And it was quite common for the pitman and other workers to treat their workless companions to numberless pots of beer when they met them of an evening, but they rarely thought of giving them a sixpence to buy food for the ill-fed ones at home.

And thus the weary war between capital and labor dragged on day after day, the workers wondering how much longer the masters would persist in their evil way, the employers asking themselves how much longer their employes could stand out.

One thing was certain. The men could not continue the unequal fight much longer. Starvation would at last subdue them, and that point would soon be reached unless help came from other towns.

A bitter feeling against the mill owners naturally enough filled the minds of all the strikers, and this feeling was strongest of all against Richard Harwood, for a rumor had gone round that he was the most relentless and implacable of all the employers. It was even stated, with what truth no

one could say, that Harwood had said he would starve his hands into submission. After that statement went forth, it would have been extremely perilous for Harwood to have shown himself in the public streets. The incensed, despairing men and women would have torn him to pieces. But the merciless mill owner heard of this and he wisely kept out of Fortunately for themselves, Mark Eliot

and Nellie Pemberton were much more happily situated than the immense bulk of their workmates. A strike of any length would not have made much difference to the girl now. She was sure of food and shelter so long as Dan Ashton had means to provide them. As for Mark, he had contrived to put a few pounds by, and upon this little hoard

he was now living. Although he had done more than any other man in obtaining subscriptions to the relief fund, he had never touched a penny of the money so procured.

starvation, he fest that it would be intoterably mean, unspeakably vile of him, were he to take the price of a single loaf when he had money of his own. And so he permitted it to go to those who needed it more than he and drew upon his own slender savings. But black and bitter as was that weare

time to most of the cotton workers, it was not all trouble and pain to Mark and Nellie. They had health and strength and their love, and all the future lay before them full of promise.

When Mark was not busy among the strikers he and his sweetheart went for a long walk in the snow swathed country. And out there mid the white fields, by the hoar mantled hedgerows, they built their castles in the air and dreamed their love dreams, never thinking that so much sorrow for them both lay hidden behind the veil of the near future.

For another week the strike continued and then the battle was suddenly terminated by the employers giving way They had hald a meeting and deolded to withdraw the notice of reduction.

So the intelligence ran, and it spread like lightning over the town. Many declared the news was too good to be true; others affirmed it was only what they expected all along. Not a few of the leading operatives went to the various managers' houses to have the statement confirmed, as it was; and in the evening all doubt on the matter was settled, for the town crier went round the streets ringing his bell and announcing that all the mills would re-commonce work on the following morning at the old prices.

What joy such an announcement brought to many barren households may be imagined. How the men and women, sorely tried and hardly used, complimented themselves on the victory they had so bravely won. At that moment they were too elated to count the cost of the fight in which they had come out victors.

Said Mark to Nellie, ere they parted that night to prepare for to-morrow's labor:

"A few more months of steady work, darling, and we shall have a home of our own. Only think of the joy of it, Nellie."

Then they kissed and parted. On the following morning Mark went to his work in a somewhat uneasy frame of mind. He remembered Richard Harwood's sourcely veiled threats, the important part he had played during the strike and before it, and when he reached the mill be half expected that he would be told to go about his business, as there was no further omployment for him

But in this the young fellow was parative disappointed. He was permitted to go about his work as if nothing under sual had transpired during the pass are momentous weeks. The only change he noticed was the manager's unusual coldness and an added acidity in his speech

manner in old Tom Rayner. The manager would naturally identify himself with the employers, and so would consider himself one of the vanquished.

This was the way in which Elibt ex-plained it, but that he was wrong he had to wait a little time to prove. With the bright hopefulness of his nature, that because the threatened, the feared blow had not fallen at once on his resuming work, it would not fall at all

A week and a day or two spent themselves in the old fashion, and pay day came—the first since the strike ended. Then the blow fell, and falling as it did. at an unexpected moment, its force was all the greater.

When Mark received his wages on Saturday afternoon, he received also a writ-ten notice to quit Richard Harwood's employ in seven days. The lad's comely face grew very white when the full import of the note was realized, and his heart gave a great bound. But he uttered no word of complaint, he only clenched his teeth firmly, and drew a deep breath through his distended, quiyering nostrils.

No steady honest, capable workman likes to be discharged. The act carries a stigma with it which every clever craftsman desires above all things to avold, and Mark had certainly done nothing, or omitted to do anything within the mill which would justify his dis-

missal. Of course he knew why notice had been given him. His letters to the inspector, and the local newspaper, and prominent part he had afterwards played in the strike explained it all. Richard Harwood had translated his threats into a blow, and the only way in which the mill owner could strike him, was to expel him from his employment

With a serious face and somewhat troubled heart, Mark hurried from the pay office to join his sweetheart who he knew would be warting for him outside. He found Nellie, and as they walked home together he told her the bad news.

"Never mind, Mark," the girl replied bravely, "there are more places in the world. And if old Harwood has stopped you here, he cannot prevent you getting work at some other mill.

Her cheery words chased away the shadow from his face if they did not drive all feelings of fear from out of his mind. But with the sweet, fair lass at his side, it was impossible to feel cast down or to magnify and dwell upon what after all might prove only a trifling and temporary trouble. When Mark returned to work the fol-

lowing Monday morning, he had both the common sense and the courage to go straight to the manager, Tom Rayner and demand the reason of his dismissal. "Well," the manager said, somewhat confusedly, "I suppose you haven't given satisfaction, I'm sorry, lad. It's none of my doings. I got the word, and I had to do it. "?

"I understand!" was all the retort Mark made, and he went to his work, assured that Tom Rayner was blameless, as he had asserted, and that Richard Harwood alone was responsible. That last week Eliot labored at the

mill passed quietly, uneventfully away, and no sooner was it spent than he set about finding, or rather attempting to find employment elsewhere. But he soon discovered he had no easy task before him. Mill after mill in Warringham he visited; manager after manager he saw, but none offered him the work he sought. Sometimes his applications were re-

sionally the better hearted sort of factory managers appeared to be sorry that they could not employ him, but his overtures invariably ended in failure. Having visited every mill in the town in vain, Mark went further affeld, but with no more success. Town after town he tramped to, sore-footed and heavy-

hearted, continually repeating his appli-

jected with expressions of insult: occa-

cation for work wherever he could find a cotton factory and being continually re-By this time Mark was thoroughly distracted by his unsuccessful wandering in quest of work. The truth could no longer be avoided. He was a marked man.

it was useless to carry on the bitter struggle any longer. A suspicion of this sort had haunted him from the very beginning, but he had refused to believe that such a thing could be possible. But he was forced to accept that conclusion at last, when he had been refused employment at every cotton factory in the shire.

And now, for the first time in his life Mark Eliot realized to the full, all the bitterness and truth those burning words of Burns contain:

See yonder poor o'er labored wight, So abject, mean, and vile, Who begs a brother of the earth, To give him leave to toil. And see his lordly fellow worn, His poor petition spurn. "It is useless, Nellie, to fight any further against such odds!" he cried de-

spairingly to his sweetheart one evening when they were out together. nothing before me now but leaving the "But where can you go, Mark?"

she saked, tremblingly, tenderly.
"To America!" he replied. "There a man has free scope, and he is not trod upon if he opens his mouth. A month or so before I came to Warringham an old friend of mine went to the States. I could hear from him I would join him there!

"Do not think of going yet, dear!" she pleaded, a pitiful break in her voice. "Wait a little longer, Mark. Something may turn up soon.

He only bit his lips in respose to her brave words. His heart was sick already with hope deferred. He had waited and prayed in vain, so long that all hope of brighter and better days had vanished.

The thought of leaving his darling and going to the United states afforded him no pleasure. To part from her he loved so well was as bitter as death. But it was all that was left to do, for even if he sought work outside Lancashire the enmity of Harwood might follow him there siso.

He knew that Nellie loved him with every fiber of her deep true heart-knew that, poor as he was and penniless alshe would have shared his poverty had he asked her to do so.

But he was too proud to permit her to become a partner in his misery—he loved her too tenderly to allow her to wed him in the very winter of his discontent. When he took the peerless lass to the alter it would be to elevate her, not to drag her down

TO BE CONTINUED.

## PATRIOTS WANTED.

Training the Young to Become Good Citizens-How to Do It.

Our Public Schools Should Devote More Attention to Fostering a Spirit of Patriotism.

Instruction in Civics Should be Given-Danger of Too Much Mere Sentiment-Views of Eminent Educators.

For the Gazette.

There has never been a time in the history of this country when the public mind has been so deeply stirred as it is just now over the rights and duties involved in American citizenship, including such related questions as the puritication of the ballot, the restriction of immigration and the preservation of our peculiarly American institutions. These considerations give force and pertinence to the question whether our common schools and other institutions of learning have paid as much attention as they to practical instruction specific duties of citizenship. Does not the future good of the country demand that more attention shall be paid, only in the schools, but in the homes of the people to the development and cultivation of a spirit of true patriotism? The rising generation must be taught that an American citizenship means something more than the perfunctory exercise of the rights of franchise now and then, the mere casting of a piece of paper in a ballot box or an occasional spasm of patriotic feeling on national houdays. It has a larger and deeper meaning than this, and it is the duty of all who are intrusted with the education of the young to make this meaning clear. With the idea of emphasizing the importance of this subject, The GAZETTE has sought the views of a number of well-known American educators, whose replies are herewith given. The first to speak is Katharine Coman, professor of history and economics in Wellesley col-

A Measure of Self-Defense.

Professor Coman says: One watches with apprehension the tide of immigration flowing into our great cities cannot hesitate to give an emphatic assent to your question, whether our schools should not endeavor to foster the spirit of patriotism. Statistics prove to us that this immigration is increasing in volume and degenerating in character, and that its tendency is toward the cities. The majority of the children in the public schools of the seaboard and manufacturing towns are of foreign blood. Many of them know little of our language and nothing of those interests which should be most dear to an American citizen.

The study of history and civics will go far toward awakening intelligent pride in our country and its institutions. Dry details must be avoided and the words presented in as graphic a fashion as possible. The Old South historical lectures alming as they do to interest the school boys and girls in the past history of Boston and to show them its bearing on the present and the future, furnish a very good example of what can be done in this direction.

The presentation of American flags to the ward schools of Boston has been more than a pleasant courtesy on the part of the donors. The hearty response of the boys bears witness to the stirring of that latent instinct of loyalty, which need not be learned or logical in order to be capable of heroism and self-sacrifice

KATHARINE COMAN. Wellesly, Mass.

Views of a Former President of the Nationa; Association It should be the primary aim of all sysbrother cotton-spinners against him, and tematic training to qualify for citizenship. To make certain this result, the schools and higher institutions of learning must train the young to be intelli-gent voters, fairminded jurymen, up-

right judges, discreet and honest legislators and incorruptible executive officers. With these great results in prospect, the time has come when the essential elgiven m all grades of our public and private schools. This branch of education will awaken and stimulate sentiments of genuine loyalty to duty and active patriotism in the administration of the affairs of the state and nation. Boston, Mass. WILLIAM SHELDON.

Superintendent Draper Takes a Hopeful

View. I find myself unable to assume the responsibility, for lack of time, of the preparation of such an article as you suggest. It has undoubtedly been true that too little attention has beretofore been paid in our public schools and all institutions of learning to the develop-ment of patriotic feeling, but it is more than doubtful if that can be said of the present time. There has been a wide-spread awakening within the last year or two upon this matter, and for which we have every reason to be gratified.

A. S. DRAPER, Superintendent Department of Public Instruction, Albany, N. Y.

The Editor of the "Independent" Gives His Opinion.

I can only snswer in the briefest way that I have no doubt whatever that our public school system ought to provide a course of instruction in the principles of government of the United States; that children ought not to be left to grow up in ignorance how their country is governed until the caucus, the district boss and the heeler shall teach them how the representatives of the people are elected and voters are corrupted.

Some instruction in political principles

and some plain teaching in political morals should be given in our schools, together with the elements of American WITLIAM HAYES WARD. The Independent, No. 251 Broadway, New York.

Ideas of a Practical and Experienced Edu The principle that the right of the state

to squeate its children depends upon the mesity of the state that its citizens could be educated, is more generally ecogoized than another perhaps equally upertant, that this education of chir-ren to be citizens should include inaction in the specific duties of citizen-

The institutions of our country should be a school study; and by this I mean not simply the principles of constitutional government in general terms, but its specific application in the state. country, the town, the village, the school district. Few men who have not had a law suit know the sequence of our courts, or could tell the difference between the sitting of the grand jury and the special term. Not one person in twenty could find out the division of legislative, exec-

under the constitution cast a vote in November. Our children need to be taught practical politics in the best sense of the words. Even the machinery of the caucus and of the preliminary convention should be familiar to them, that they may respect and in time take a manly part in all that underlies the choice of men in power.
Syracuse, N. Y. C. W. BARDEN.

Commissioner Harris Insists upon the Study

of United States History. I think that there is great danger in this matter of cultivating patriotism. A sentiment is not to be cultivated in the same manner as an intellectual or will power. A sentiment is like the root of a plant-the root grows out of sight under the ground, and the sentiment should not become too conscious and articulate. Such conscious cultivation of sentiment becomes sentimentalism, and is sure to lead to reaction. Our Fourth of July patriotism is not at all a national virtue or conducive to the benefit of our nation, as a whole. Now, it seems to me that the true edu-

cation of patriots involves a study of United States history—as critical a study of it as you please, and especially a study of the biographies of our best and highes men. A comparison of the form of government in this country with the forms of government found in Europe, especially if a principle of progressive desci opment is discovered, will prove ducive to patriotism of the better kind. our patriotism should be grounded on reason and not passion. grounded on reason and not passion. It may be a deep, unconscious feeling, and I have no doubt it will be, whether we take the slightest pains to cultivate it or not. But our cultivation of it in the schools should not be through appeals to blind passion, but to the intel-lect. Comparative history is the true basis for the foundation of a reasonable faith in our form of government.

I cannot agree with you that too little attention is paid in our public schools the development of patriotic feeling. should hold that the opposite is rather the truth. As I understand it, the war of the rebellion did not indicate too little patriotism, but a too narrow patriotism a patriotism that appeals to passion rather than a just appreciation of a com-mon good in the highest sense. If anything, there was more of a furor of patriotism in the narrow sense in the Confed-If by patriotism we mean a love of country, of the whole country, of course the citizen of the Southern States did not have patriotism. If by patriotism is meant love of country, right or wrong, it seems to me that such patriotism is not a very high virtue W. T. HARRIS.

Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.

NO PLIES ON HIM,

The proofreader sat in his plush covered chair While the shaded lights burned low, And the incense sweet in a censor swang Filled the room with a perfumed glow. And the music played him a merry tune As his jeweled finger fell Across the desk with flowers bestrewn, 'Till it touched a silver bell.

Then he smote him sore on his medaled breast

Then he smote him sore on his medaled bre And an awful swear swore he. Hither and haste thee, Oh! demon boy, For the proofreader calleth for thee. Lean down low in the leering light And list to the song he sings. For his foot is ferce and heavy and strong And its flight no gladness brings. Bring hither-bring hither the passions

poem.
Of the maiden fair and young,
And the book review, and the notice, too,
And the joke in a foreign tongue.
Go, cull me the Editor's greatest thoughts
And the headings teree and bright. lo, gather the gems from the foremost page, I must wade in type to-night!" Then the proofreader poised his stanch, stub

pen
And a weird, wild laugh he gave,
It struck on the alr like a wall of woe,
Or the wind in a noisome cave.
Then a somber silence filled the room,
(Oh! his smile was strange to see!)
And his white hand flew until half-past two,
While he stroked his neat goatee. Then he wrapped him around in his fur lined

And he boarded the night coupe.
And off to the halls of dazzling light
He wrs rapidly horne away.
And deb drank he of the foaming wine
And danced till the daylight dim,
For he, you see, was a K. of L.
And there were no files on him.
Brooklyn - Brooklyn Eagle

ALL SORTS OF GIRLS.

There's the pretty girl. And the witty girl,
And the girl that bangs her hair;
The girl that bangs her hair;
The girl that 's a firt,
And the girl that is pert,
And the girl with the baby stare. There's the dowdy girl,

And the rowdy girl,
And the girl that is always late;
There's the girl of style
And his girl of wile,
And the girl with the mineing gait. There's the tender girl,
And the slender girl,
And the girl that says her prayers;
There's the haughty girl,
And the naughty girl,
And the girl that puts on airs.

There's the tuln girl,
And the "fool you" girl,
And the girl that bets on the rac
There's the candy girl,
And the dandy girl,
And the girl that has two faces.

There's the well bred girl, And the well-read girl, And the girl with sense of duty; There's the dainly girl, And the "fainty" girl, And the girl that has no beauty.

There's the lazy girl,
And the ''daisy' girl,
And the girl that's a merry joker,
There's the girl that's shy,
And the girl that's fly,
And the girl that binffs at poker.

There are many others,
O, men and brothers,
Than are ramed in this narration;
There are girls and girls,
And they're all of them pearls,
They are the best thing in creation.
—|Louisville Courier-Jour

THE BORDERLAND. Upon the borderland we wait,

Our labors quite are o'er, We see bright gleams from Golden Gate Light up the silver abore. Our ship lies moored upon the sex, For winds are hushed in along. And night's black robes across the lea Cast shadows dark and deep.

We bide—abide—just till the day Dispels the shade of night. And wake again the wineless winds To press our sails for fight. Then wide we apread the white winged sail, And hasten to be free. We welcome on the threatening gain That lashes while the sea.

(George Clinton Hudson

Night o'er storm-cloud and the blast That sweeps the angry sen. Our spirit reachest, clingeth fast, O Gue in faith to thee.

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officers of a country. The usual citizen would be affronted to be told that he JOHN C. RANGOLPH. never in his life cast a vote for president ATTORNEY AT LAW. Ones Second Floor Board of Trade Buildin of the United States, and could not

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LOVE, DEATH AND TIME, Ah me, dread friends of mine-Love, Time and Death! Death;
Swart Love, who came to me on ahining wing, and gave her to my arms—her lips, her breath, and all her golden ringlets clustering; and Time, who gathers in his flying years. He gave me all, but where is all he gave? He took my love and left me barren tears. Weary and tone, I follow to the grave.
There Death will said this vision half divine. Wan Death, who waits in shadow evermore, And sileat, ore he gives the sudden sign; On, gently lead me through thy narrow door. Thou goutle Death, thou trustient friend of mine—

Ah me, for Love-will death my love restoral - Frederick Locker.